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The 2000th Story



137 8 18

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Yes!!! We've made it! It's the 2000th Story! We have stepped into a new millennia! It was such a long journey, but we've finally made it!

Only, now that we're here, what do we do?

Chapter 2 by R



The party of excited writers stands there, blankly. They hold new years gear from 2000, silly looking glasses and similar, party favor style toys.

There are a few umms, and uhhs, and wellls muttering up from the crowd as they fidget. There hadn't really been that much of a decision.

"Keep on writing?" Someone finally suggests. "Make it to 3000?"

Everyone nods, and there is light smattering of applause. Then, slowly, the crowd drifts apart, bored with the silence. This isn't much of a party, after all, and eventually they are all on computers again, typing up some more drafts and ideas.

I'm editing this who knows how long later, when it's 2000 and 3000 now. It's amazing to see how far this site has come.

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I think I say a lot of the time in a melancholy sort of way.

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-R)

((40,000 now. can you believe it? this story shall lay in the dust, but at least i will come across it, and remember))

Chapter 4 by Ara Argentum Aurum!



Years pass as achievements are made. The celebrations of it all drift from the field where they would watch fireworks and just have a good time was substituted by cold bitterness, anger, and resentment.

Some tried to go back to the field of fireworks and celebration. It was in vain. It just, nothing was the same, nor was it how many remembered it to be. Some disappeared without a trace, some left with a note in the forums, and some just, stayed and watched it all unfold as they were the last left who remembered the fields.

In some corner of the world, a person sat, typing this very draft, and stopped, and stared all around her as the floors shifted, knocking them off balance time and again.

Sighs escaped their lips for the trillionth time that day. Once again, they pondered leaving since there was no way that it could go back to when things were good, comfortable, and peaceful. And once again, they knew that if they tried, they would never succeed.

Explanations and news slipping through their fingers, they continued writing, knowing they had to. A betraying part of their mind whispered that they should explode, that they should just give up, and leave. Just, without a trace, stop, and step away from it all. Many times, they concluded that they were the reasons why their beloved site changed. No voices reassured them.

Five stories coming out as Ebooks and possibly printed books. Almost 46,000 stories created as the seconds tick on and on.

They knew what was about to come, and they knew that they couldn't do anything to stop it.

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Writing this draft, they didn't know what would happen.

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